

AS USUAL.

Now lovers fond, in leafy lanes, Together walk. And Corydon exerts his pains, While Phillis coy to listen deigns...

But Phillis has a richer beau, In lover's ways deft, Next day he comes his fate to know...

—New York Mercury.

A DOMESTIC EXPERIMENT.

"I don't think," said Mr. White "that hay crop ever promised so finely."

"Indeed!" said his wife, absently. "And if there isn't any fall in the price of fruit," he said, "our peach orchard is going to net us a cool hundred dollars."

"You are always grumbling about something," said the young farmer, as he jerked the towel to its nail. "There! Does that suit you?"

"Here is a letter from Cousin Dora, George," said Mrs. White, wisely avoiding the mooted question. "She wants to come here and board for a few weeks."

"Well let her come," said White. "It won't cost us a great deal, and a little extra money always counts up at the year's end."

"But George, I was thinking—" "About what?" "Why, I am so hurried with the work, and there is so much to do—"

"That is the perpetual burden of your song," said Mr. White, irritably. "Women do beat all for complaining."

ry," said George disdainfully. "What ails 'em!" "You should have scalded them last night," sighed Letty, wishing that she had wings like a dove that she might soar into the milk-room, and restore order out of the chaos.

"Here's a go!" said George. "There isn't hot water." "Oh, George, you've forgotten to put the kettle on!" "So I did," said her husband. "And the sticks, hang 'em, are all burnt out!"

"You know I wanted you to get a ton of coal," said Letty, "but you said as long as wood cost nothing but the chopping and hauling, wood it would be."

"Have I got to wait for that confounded water to heat?" groaned George. "I don't know anything else for you to do," remarked Letty, drily.

"Humph!" observed that lord and master. "What's for the breakfast?" "Ham and eggs, I suppose."

"Well, I'm up to that part of the program, at least," said he, cheerfully. "Oh, the chickens! What is the use of keeping your knives so sharp? I've nearly cut my thumb off. Where do you keep the oat meal? I can be attending to your old milk pans while the breakfast is cooking, I suppose. There is nothing like economy in work!"

But it was a mortal hour before the milk was strained and the pigs fed, and by that time the house was blue with a sort of a smudgy smoke. "Hullo!" shouted George, coming in. "What's all this—is the house on fire?"

"No," said Letty calmly, "only the breakfast has burned up." George uttered a long sigh. "Who'd have thought the fire was so hot?" said he. "What am I to do now?"

"Cook another, I suppose," said Letty. "And what next?" demanded George, fiercely. "Why set the table, and then clear it away and wash the dishes."

"With this cut finger?" complained the husband. "I was obliged to do it all the weeks I had a felon on my little finger," remarked Letty. "The young geese and turkeys ought to have been let out and fed long before this; and the three calves in the barnyard to be attended to. And then there are the kitchen and sitting-room to be swept and dusted and the beds to be made, and the string beans to be picked, and the bread to be baked and the huckleberry pies to be made, and your white vest to be ironed, and the potatoes to be peeled, and the preserves to be scalded over, and the cheese to be turned, and the table to be cleared and the dishes to be washed."

"Hold on!" cried George, "you've said that once." "Very likely, but it has to be done three times a day—and the chickens to be looked after, and the linen pillow-cases to be put to bleaching, and the wash to be washed and your trousers to be patched, and the stockings to be darned, and the fire to be made up again, and tea to be prepared—you know you always want something hot for supper. And there's the night's milk to be brought in and strained, and the pans scalded, and the geese and turkeys to be fed and put into their coops; and, oh, dear! I forgot the churning! That will take an hour at least. But, dear George, I am getting hungry—and I don't see the least signs of breakfast! Where are you going? I want—my—breakfast."

For George had disappeared in the midst of her exordium. After twenty minutes or so, he returned and by his side trudged Mary Ann Pult, the nearest neighbor's twenty-year old daughter. "I take it all back," said Mr. White. "I lower my colors, Letty. Your work is harder than mine. I'll be everlastingly blest if it ain't. Why, I couldn't take care of the milk and cream for the wages a girl would ask. I never realized before how much a woman had to do."

"Are you quite sure that you realize it now?" asked Letty, mischievously. "Well, I've got a pretty fair idea on the subject," nodded George. "But you should be here on washing day," said Letty, "or on ironing day, or on the day when we chop sausage-meat or make soft soap, or—"

"Stop, stop!" shouted George. "If you say another word I'll go for Mahala Binks, too. Haven't I said that I'll take it all back? What more would you have?" "Wal, squire," said Mary Ann, who by this time had removed her hat and shawl, "what'll I do first?" "Do!" echoed Mr. White. "Do everything and let me get off to the hay-field as fast as I can."

"Jes' as your orders is," said Mary Ann. "And I say, Letty!" he added. "Yes, George." "Write to your Cousin Dora. Tell her we'll be glad to board her, if she will assist you about the house."

so; you know she is very old and feeble and doesn't enjoy life much." "Well, mamma," said the little innocent, "don't you think it would be well to chloroform grandma, too? She is very old and feeble, and this hot weather she is awful cross. I don't think she enjoys life, and I know I don't when she scolds me."

FAMOUS FUNERALS.

Magnificent Pageants in Honor of Departed Heroes. To the philosopher, of course, the disposition of the lifeless human body seems a matter of small moment; but to the great body of the people the funeral rites and last resting-place of one of its great heroes are matters of keenest interest.

Two long years were consumed in the formidable preparations of the funeral of Alexander the Great. Dying at Babylon, he directed that his body, which was immediately embalmed with elaborate care by Egyptian and Chaldean adepts, should be deposited in the Temple of Jupiter on an Egyptian oasis. Undeterred by the enormous distance, the procession set forth an army of workmen having been sent forward to repair the roads and bridges. The funeral car was drawn by sixty-four mules, chosen for their strength and size, splendidly caparisoned. The car was itself of surprising magnificence, the spokes and naves of the wheels and ends of the axles being covered with gold, the platform upholding a royal pavilion incrusting with gems, supporting a throne and coffin, the latter of solid gold and filled with costly spices. But the body never reached its destination. Ptolemy arrested its progress and buried it at Alexandria, which city may be said to have itself proved the enduring monument of the conqueror.

Very different was the funeral of Julius Caesar. The circumstances of his death were so tragic, and such enormous crowds gathered to the ceremony, that they could not be formed into a procession, and the different classes of people were accordingly asked to come together under their appropriate insignia in the field of Mars. The body of the great Roman was exposed lying upon a gilded bed, covered with scarlet and cloth of gold, and placed under a magnificent canopy in the form of a temple.

After the funeral ceremonies were over a question arose where they should burn the body. Some suggested a temple on Capitoline hill, others suggested the Senate house, where he had fallen. The Senate, less willing to pay him extraordinary honors, proposed a more retired spot. The discussion was fast becoming a dispute when two soldiers, with drawn swords and blazing torches in their hands, forced their way through the crowd and set fire to the bed. In a moment there was the wildest excitement. The multitude fell to work directly, building the funeral pyre upon the spot. First they brought fagots and then benches from the neighboring porticoes, and next any combustible material they could find, and at length, as the excitement grew, the soldiers threw in their arms, and the musicians their instruments, while others stripped down the trappings of the funeral procession. So fierce was the fire that it spread to the neighboring houses, and was with the greatest difficulty extinguished. As a fitting monument the people erected to the "Mighty Julius" a lofty column surmounted by a star.

Coming down to modern times, the accounts of the obsequies of the "Iron Duke," perhaps the greatest ever known in England, and the second funeral of Napoleon must still be borne freshly in mind by many of the veterans of to-day. The Duke of Wellington, after lying in state five days at Chelsea Hospital, was borne to his last resting place in St. Paul's on a car drawn by twelve horses, accompanied by a vast military and civic concourse, the latter including Prince Albert, both Houses of Parliament, judges, nobles, public bodies, the mourning coaches of the Queen and royal family and an innumerable throng of the people.

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arms lovingly around his neck exclaimed: "How much I love you." When he came home that evening his wife had skipped for San Francisco with another fellow, taking everything, all their household goods, even his best suit of clothes.

An Alarmed Fisherman.

One morning, after eight days of steaming up the Kiva, Stanley, the African explorer, discovered that the river was the outlet of a large lake, which, subsequently, he named Lake Leopold II., after the king of Belgium. Acting upon the rule, never to abandon a good thing until you have seen it through, lest you never have the opportunity again, he resolved to circumnavigate it. Seeing half-a-dozen fishermen's canoes out on the lake, he bore down upon them, hoping to gain information and fresh food. All save one canoe, as soon as the fishermen heard and saw the noisy steamer, fled. The occupant of the remaining canoe was hauling in his seine, when he, too, heard the noise of the paddle-wheels. He fell sideways into his canoe, as if paralyzed. Then leaping to his feet, and bending to his paddles, he sent the tiny canoe swiftly over the water. Says Stanley, describing the capture: "He observes the monster rapidly gaining on him. He hears the whirl of the wheels, and the throbbing of the engine, and puffing of the steam. Another glance, and he springs overboard, and we sweep past the empty canoe."

As we came up he dived, and our two sailors flashed into the depths after him. They brought him up, each holding an arm, and swam with him to the boat. "Now, Ankoli, speak softly to the poor man." In soothing whispers the native guide asked what his name was. "What did you pick me out for?" the fisherman asked. "There are many better than I in our village." "What does he mean, Ankoli?" "He means," answered the guide, "that there are finer slaves than he is in the village."

"Ah! There have been slave-catchers here, then?" Having evidently obtained all the information the poor fellow could give, we filled his two hands with bright beads, and laid a dozen handkerchiefs by his side. Then bringing the canoe alongside, we asked him to step in, and placed his cloth in the stern of it, with a small parcel of cowries. After he had stepped in, he did not seem to realize that he was a free and rich man until there was such a distance between us that he thought it impossible for us to catch him again. When he seemed a speck in the lake, we saw the figure rise to its height, and then we knew that he was conscious that he was free.

The Princess of Wales Snubs Mrs. Langtry.

A London dispatch to the Boston Herald says: The society journals denounce the Lonsdale-Chetwynd fight in the most unequivocal terms, and Lord Lonsdale, who is a brother of the dissipated character who was the first husband of Mrs. Langtry's friend, Lady de Grey (Gladys Lady Lonsdale), is generally condemned. As for Mrs. Langtry, she was subjected three days later to the greatest slight that could be inflicted upon a woman in her position, a deliberate cut from the Princess of Wales, who is not the plastic doll in the Prince's hands that some people imagine. This episode occurred at the Coombe House, where Lady Archibald Campbell and her pastoral players were giving their last performance of "The Faithful Shepherdess." The Princess of Wales entered into conversation with Mrs. Langtry, who dropped the usual quaint courtesy with which royalty is received; the Princess of Wales had turned her back and was talking to some one else.

A hundred eyes watched the group. It has often been said, and not unjustly, that the Princess of Wales is remarkable for her tact, but even the most distinguished social warriors sometimes lose their heads where a pretty woman's interests are concerned, and at this moment if any Mrs. Langtry needed the consolation of royal favor, the Princess plucked the Princess by the sleeve, after saying to Mrs. Langtry in quite a loud voice, "Oh, the Princess would like to tell you—". The Princess turned around, surveyed Mrs. Langtry quite as though she did not see her, gave so light a bow that the inclination of the head was almost imperceptible, and then deliberately turned her back and resumed her conversation with her friend. It was the hottest day of the season, but the thermometer seemed to drop a hundred degrees; the Prince looked exquisitely foolish. Mrs. Langtry's confusion was painful to behold, and the social axe had fallen! But this new scandal may help the Lily's theatrical interests, which have of late begun to languish.

A movement is on foot to erect a monument over the tomb of ex-President William Henry Harrison at North Bend, O. It is on a natural mound in the midst of a pasture lot, and it overlooks the Ohio river. A dilapidated board fence, enclosing a space fifty feet square, separates the burial place from the pasture field. Within the enclosure are two or three old cedar trees. The tomb itself is a structure of brick, all under ground except the gables, and it is covered with a roof of shingles, that are now dilapidated and rotten. Even the brick walls that show above the ground are covered with a green mould. A sloping cellar door covers the steps which descend to the vault, and even these doors of iron, exposed to the summer rains and winter snows, are eaten through with rust.

General Frank Sigel, "mit" whom the Germans used to fight, has been appointed to a \$3,500 position in the County Clerk's office in New York.

Sing-Sing Prison Punishment.

Letter to San Francisco Argonaut. The party was put in the hands of a head keeper and sent the rounds. The keeper was an Irishman, with a clean-shaven and crafty-looking face. He had an observant eye, and he did not smile while he was showing the party around, until he came to a room which was fitted up with dark cells. A real professional dark cell is about the blackest thing on the face of the earth—when you are in it and the door is closed. The party played a pleasant and agreeable little trick on the oldest member. He said he had heard a great deal about the exaggerated notions men had of time spent in a dark room, and he asked the keeper if he would not lock him in there for five minutes by the watch, and let him have the experience; so he was locked up in a little whitewashed cell, in which he could scarcely turn around. Not a particle of light was admitted, and a man might yell himself hoarse forever without being heard outside. Having locked him in securely, his kind friends went cheerfully off and investigated the iron-foundry, shoe-shops, saw-mills, and docks. Nearly an hour elapsed, and then they returned and released him.

"It seemed a pretty long five minutes, didn't it, colonel?" asked the youngest man, flippantly. "No," said the colonel, who had a strained, round-shouldered, hollow-eyed, nervous, melancholy and unnatural air; "no, I shouldn't think I was there more than five minutes. You see it's a great thing to have a strong hold on your imagination and not let it run away with you. Still," wearily, "I must say that that three-legged stool was rather uncomfortable."

At this moment the attention of everybody was attracted by the keeper, who was actually smiling. It was the first time his features had relaxed during the day, and the crowd gathered around him. "I'm going to show you a little invention of my own," he said, pleasantly, "which has been adopted all over the country. I suppose you know that the criminals often get ugly. The place that harbors more than fifteen hundred of New York's worst scum must necessarily have a number of hard characters to deal with. Men here get rebellious, ill-tempered, and unmanageable pretty often. In former years they used the lash, the paddle, the douche, and often calmed men by putting them into the black-rooms. The fiercest spirits are quelled by imprisonment in a dungeon. The wildest case we ever had turned to a lamb after twenty-five days' imprisonment, without a gleam of light, in a black-cell. All that is settled now, however, by my little invention. We don't have to use the black-cells, or anything else, and the men are so thoroughly scared by what I call my 'weighing machine' that they no longer fight and rebel." He then showed it to us. If a convict becomes desperate at ill-treatment, over-work, or a realization of the awful duration of a twenty-years' sentence, he is dragged into the keeper's room and a pair of iron handcuffs are screwed tightly around his wrists. Then the chain which connects the two handcuffs is hooked to a pulley, and the man's hands are drawn up until he is almost lifted from the floor. Here he hangs against the wall until his spirit is subdued. The wall is smeared with the stains of blood from the wrists of the poor wretches who had hung there.

"It's a daisy," said the keeper, radiantly; "the toughest man in the whole jail has never been able to stand it more than three-quarters of a minute. It cures rheumatism, blindness, and all the other ills that criminals are heir to."

"It must be torture." "Well, rather. It stops the circulation of the blood, you know." "And he still smiled as he stood with his hands on the pulley, while the crowd wandered away. It's a great thing to have clear idea of the humorous."

Elopement Sensation. A Lowell, Mass., telegram to the New York Herald says: Lowell has the biggest sensation of the season on its own hands just at present. A certain young married lady, one of the belles of the city, and wife of one of the wealthiest and most prominent citizens, has eloped with a traveling agent. The circumstances are the talk of the town, but the names are only whispered. The lady was prominent in society and in charitable and religious work, and was an officer of a club formed exclusively of the ladies of the city. The husband is a member of one of the Massachusetts yacht clubs, and with his wife, has attended this season most of the cruises in eastern waters. They have traveled together through Europe and extensively in this country. Recently, "it is said," that they have disagreed in a number of matters, and, although residing in the same house on the most fashionable street in the city, have spoken to each other only when in general society and when such conversation became necessary to prevent gossip.

A few days ago the wife made a visit to Lexington, and there met her lover, and since then has not been seen or heard of by her husband. It is said that he will make no great effort to learn her whereabouts or induce her to return.

A physician in Boston took the trouble to examine 3,726 prescriptions at a drug store to see what remedies were the most popular. Quinine took the lead by making part of 292 prescriptions. Morphine came next, in 172; bromide of potassium in 171; iodide of potassium in 155, and nuxvomide in 134. The total number of articles in the pharmacopoeia, 1,094, and 504 of them were asked for in one form or another.

THE GREAT AUGUST RAIN.

The Immense Quantity of Water Which Fell Over a Wide Area. From the Hartford (Ct.) Times. It is not easy for anybody to realize, or even to correctly imagine, the vast amount of water which is poured out of the sky in a great August rain, like this one which during the first three or four days of the present month has deluged so many and so widely-separated parts of our country. It is not easy to understand in the "realizing" sense, however fully we may comprehend the fact intellectually, how so much solid water can be suspended in the form of invisible, vapor in the air. True, it is no longer invisible, when it has been condensed in the form of heavy rain clouds, but it was all there, invisibly—somewhere in the wide realm of air—before it became thus condensed. Take the ending part of that great storm for an example—what must have been the actual amount of water that was poured down, from Chicago to Maine, from Maryland and the Ohio to the White Mountains? It rained seemingly as never before, in all those regions. Throughout the greater part of the Middle States it made destructive river floods. In the region about Chicago it amounted to a precipitation of about five and one-half inches. In Maryland it was not much less, and New York State received its share of the general drenching. Here in Southern New England the downpour was such as was never exceeded—indeed it was ever equaled. In this immediate region the rainfall in one continuous rain, from Monday afternoon to 3 o'clock Tuesday morning, amounted almost to 6 inches. The great October rain, of the 1st and 2d of October, 1869, which such ruinous work throughout Connecticut (chiefly by the immense precipitation on the second day), did not exhibit such a steady and tremendous downpour as that of Tuesday, August 4, 1885, between the hour of 1 and 3 o'clock in the morning. The volume of this August rain is shown in the flooded streams, which everywhere continue to be flooded long after the usual time for rain floods to disappear. The Connecticut river itself has kept rising for a day and a half after the storm, the rain having added about six feet to its height. It was a heavy rain in the White mountains, the gauge at the Signal Service station on the summit showing four and one-half inches.

This great rain came inland from the Gulf of Mexico. Following the Mississippi valley northward, the storm was central at Detroit. It extended eastward all the way from the Mississippi river to the Atlantic seaboard—pouring as huge a flood upon New England as upon most of the great intermediate breadth of country. It is impossible to estimate any such quantity of water. Even the amount that was poured out upon our own little State, it is impossible to get any adequate idea. If we were to imagine the area of Connecticut to be a perfectly flat, level surface, and the average amount of rain for that one storm to be not five, but not quite three inches—what, then, would be the aggregate quantity of water that was emptied from the clouds upon our area of not quite 5,000 square miles? Who can get any adequate conception of it? Emptied in the same time into the world's greatest river, it would affect the volume of the Amazon. And this for only one little spot in the area of the actual downpour. Connecticut, compared with the area, covers less relative space than a dinner-plate on a big dinner-table. It was almost as if the great lakes had burst their bounds and simultaneously emptied themselves upon the country on this side.

Gen. Putnam's Neglected Grave. From the Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin. Probably the one thing which is most prominently associated with the name of Israel Putnam in the popular mind is his celebrated feat of daring up in the beautiful town of Pomfret, where, a century ago, he killed in her den a she-wolf which had been depredating upon the surrounding country. But this Revolutionary hero's fame does not depend upon this single and abnormally magnified incident of his career, and there is considerable ground for the indignant complaints which are publicly made about the neglect of his grave in the old cemetery in the neighboring town of Brooklyn. The spot of his burial is marked by a marble slab lying flat on a heap of stones and badly chipped by relic hunters. It seems strange that in these days of monuments a suitable one has not been erected to commemorate the virtues of him who distinguished himself in the French war; who was captured and nearly roasted alive by Indians in 1758, who was conspicuous for his bravery in the cause of liberty at the Battle of Bunker Hill, who became a Major-General in 1775, who was appointed commander of the Army of the Highlands in New York in 1777, who superintended the erection of the fortifications at West Point, and who, while the command in Connecticut, displayed his bravery and intrepidity in various perils of his time.

French flouring mills number at least 25,000, with 30,000 pairs of stones, 200,000 persons employed and 200,000 horse power. The yearly production aggregates 67,500,000 barrels worth \$456,000,000. The cost of producing this amount of flour is about \$48,000,000. Twenty years ago French milling took first rank in Europe. Now it is seriously embarrassed, as may be evidenced by the imports and exports from 1872 to 1882, which show 325,808 barrels increase in the former and 544,417 barrels decrease in the latter. French millers have discarded the new Hungarian milling machinery, secure in the possession of the millstones of La Ferte-Sous-Jouarre. As a result Hungarian flour is shipped to Paris despite the tax and expensive transportation. In the last ten years the Budapest roller mills have averaged 14 per cent dividend. One mill averaged 27 per cent, and on one occasion paid 60 per cent.